

Should my performance perish.

*Rom.* Thou hast *Pentidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

*Ven.* He humbly signifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre we haue effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We haue iaded out o'th Field.

*Rom.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agri.* What are the Brothers parted?

*Eno.* They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Ostania* weepes To part from Rome: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sicknesse.

*Agri.* 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

*Eno.* A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cesar*.

*Agri.* Nay but how deere he adores *Mark Anthony*.

*Eno.* *Cesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

*Ant.* What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

*Eno.* Spake you of *Cesar*? How, the non-pareill?

*Agri.* Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar* go no further.

*Agri.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loues *Cesar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,

His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cesar*,

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

*Agri.* Both he loues.

*Eno.* They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Ostania.*

*Ant.* No further Sir.

*Cesar.* You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band

Shall passe on thy approue: most Noble *Anthony*,

Let not the peece of Vertue which is set

Retwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue

To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortresse of it: for better might we

Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts

This be not cherisht.

*Ant.* Make me not offended, in your distrust.

*Cesar.* I haue said.

*Ant.* You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left cause

For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,

And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:

We will heere part.

*Cesar.* Farewell my deere Sister, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

*Ost.* My Noble Brother.

*Ant.* The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,

And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerefull.

*Ost.* Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and

*Cesar.* What *Ostania*?

*Ost.* He tell you in your eare.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather

That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:

And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will *Cesar* weep?

*Agri.* He ha's a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

*Agri.* Why *Enobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Julius Cesar* dead,

He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,

When at *Phillippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

*Eno.* That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,

Beleeu't till I weep too.

*Cesar.* No sweet *Ostania*,

You shall heare from me still: the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come Sir, come,

He wrastle with you in my strength of loue,

Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,

And giue you to the Gods.

*Cesar.* Adieu, be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the Starres giue light

To thy faire way.

*Cesar.* Farewell, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell. *Trumpets sound.*

*Kisses Ostania.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the Fellow?

*Alex.* Halfe afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

*Alex.* Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not look

upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When

*Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it:

Come thou neere.

*Mes.* Most gracious Maiestie.

*Cleo.* Did'st thou behold *Ostania*?

*Mes.* I dread Queene.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mes.* Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and

saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mes.* She is not Madam.

*Cleo.* Didst heere her speake?

Is the shrill tongu'd or low?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? Oh *Iris*: 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish

What Maiestie is in her gate, remember

If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.

*Mes.* She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one:

She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certaine?

*Mes.* Or I haue no obseruance.

*Cha.* Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing, I do perceiue't,

There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

*Mes.* Madam, she was a widdow.

*Cleo.* Widdow? *Charmian*, hearken.

*Mes.* And I do thinke she's thirtie.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

*Mes.* Round, euen to faultinesse.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Her haire what colour?

*Mes.* Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,

I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee

Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,

This Creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing Madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath scene some Maiestie, and should

know.

*Char.* Hath he scene Maiestie? *Iris* else defend: and

seruing you so long.

*Cleo.* I haue one thing more to aske him yet good

*Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

where I will write; all may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Ostania.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay *Ostania*, not onely that,

That were excusable, that and thousands more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd

New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,

To publike eare, spoke scantily of me,

When perforce he could not

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly

He vented then most narrow measure: sent me,

When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't,

Or did it from his teeth.

*Ost.* Oh my good Lord,

Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,

Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady,

If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene

Praying for both parts:

The good Gods wil mocke me presently,

When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,

Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,

Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, he midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle *Ostania*,

Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks

Best to preferue it: if I lose mine Honour,

I lose my selfe: better I were not yours

Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,

Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,

Ile raise the preparation of a Warre

Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,

So your desires are yours.

*Ost.* Thanks to my Lord,

The loue of power make me most weake, most weake,

You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,

As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men

Should soader vpon the Rift.

*Ant.* When it appeeres to you where this begins,

Turne your displeasure that way, for our fautes

Can neuer be so equall, that your loue

Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,

Chooose your owne company, and command what cost

Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.*

*Eno.* How now Friend *Eros*?

*Eros.* Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

*Eno.* What man?

*Eros.* *Cesar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

*Eno.* This is old, what is the successe?

*Eros.* *Cesar* hauing made vse of him in the warres

'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him riuallry, would not

let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting

here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to

*Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore

chird is vp, till death enlarge his Confinde.

*Eno.* Then would thou hadst a paire of chapsn'd more,

and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'd

geinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes

The ruff that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,

And threatens the throte of that his Officer,

That murdered *Pompey*.

*Eno.* Our great Nauies rig'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and *Cesar*, more *Domitius*,

My Lord desires you presently: my Newes

I might haue told heereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

*Eros.* Come Sir.

*Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cesar.*

*Ces.* Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more

In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:

I'th Market-place on a Tribunal siluer'd,

*Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold

Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat

*Cesarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne,

And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust

Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,

He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

*Mec.* This in the publike eye?

*Cesar.* I'th common shew place, where they exercise,

His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,

Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia: she

In th'abiliments of the Goddesse *Iris*

That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,

As 'tis reported so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus inform'd.

*Agri.* Who quezie with his insolence already,

Will their good thoughts call from him.